Seven Days

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/18508018.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Vampire, Vampire Hannibal Lecter, Vampire Turning, Character Turned Into Vampire, Blood Drinking, Blood, Gore, Dubious Consent, Biting, Possessive Behavior, Chains, Feral Behavior, Vampire Will Graham, Minor Character Death, Anal Sex, Vampire Sex, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Top Will Graham, Frottage
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Blood and Breath (Vampire Hannigram AU)
Stats:	Published: 2019-04-18 Words: 6,629 Chapters: 7/7

Seven Days

by ninayoshi

Summary

Seven days of blood, heat, sex, pain. Oh, so much pain. Bones break and reform, eyes sharpen and blur, senses both dulled and sensitised.

Will Graham is in a world of pain, all thanks to Hannibal.

Seven days. And Will will be his forever.

Notes

Someone told me if you wanna see change, be the change. So I wanna see more vampire fics. Inspired by @reapersun's NSFW work on vampire Hannigram... That sparked off a long chain of inspiration that I can only hope to fulfil.

As always, everything I write is 1) self-indulgent and 2) dark sexy stuff.

Tags will update as the chapters update.

The Beginning

In the beginning, there was only darkness, and God created the concept of light, and darkness was held at bay, collared, leashed, muzzled.

Hannibal sees Will as he is right now, dazed, lifeblood oozing from the puncture wounds on his neck like a slow river. Rushing headlong into its eventual end, where the ocean embraces all its content.

The doctor circled around the slumped man in his office chair, knowing that there is only mere minutes until Will is well and truly dead. He has no use for corpses other than eating them, but Will... Marvelous, fascinating boy he is, would be a waste to simply be a feast to be enjoyed by himself. No, he would preserve this perfection, this blossoming darkness that he had seen glimpses of, that the man so vehemently denied it had lay dormant in him for far too long.

He will be unleashed, with claws and fangs and blood dripping from his mouth. His true form.

Hannibal licked at his fangs, still wet and warm from the feeding. When Will fought and struggled— futile was his human strength—his sweet, sweet blood spiked with adrenaline and fear. Spiced and slightly bitter, but enjoyable nonetheless. Blood had always been delicious no matter the prey's state of mind, but Hannibal had hoped to bite him while they were in their throes of passion. It was unfortunate that the man had to be so awfully tempting, stretching and rubbing at his neck until Hannibal could not wait no longer. He had to take him right then. The flesh splits so easily under his sharp fangs, Will's cry of pain, fear, betrayal, a cacophony of lovely noises that Hannibal wanted to wrangle more from his throat. Oh how he shall partake when they are both eternally damned.

Now though, there is no time to hesitate, although he wished to enjoy this morbid still-life frame of his last moment as a human. How his warmth will drain and transform into the cold skin of a monster's.

There *is* a concern, however. Should Will not survive this, he can never survive anything else Hannibal throws at him. Be it fighting against other vampires, or tearing apart armed humans, Will has to survive his metamorphosis.

This is a risk he will gladly take. Hannibal cannot control that aspect of his rebirth, but he hopes to ease Will through it.

He kneels in front of the dying man, watches as Will's consciousness fades in and out. His eyes fluttered shut, before struggling to open and refocus his attention, his anger, on Hannibal. His frown deepened, lips twitching in an effort to speak, but he is so pale. So perfect, a picture to what is to come. Hannibal reaches out to stroke Will's cooling skin, smilin proudly at his future protege.

”Come Will. I will let you see me. See what I am, and see what you will become.” Will’s mouth opened in an attempt to ask ‘why’, but Hannibal leaned in to kiss him. Will could not respond; everything was in slow motion and he is freezing, but Hannibal’s mouth was surprisingly warm and wet. It tasted like blood, a gross, disgusting taste of metals and something else. A poison.

Will choked and gasped, no strength to fight anymore. He was dying, fading, feeling the lull of the river he once loved pulling him under. Hannibal seemed so very far away, the taste in his mouth like a vague scent he once remembered in a dream.

Hannibal pulled away, strings of saliva mixed with blood connecting them briefly before snapping off, as how Will’s life had to abruptly end. He had split open his tongue so Will could taste him, drink him, and let his vampiric essence take root in his fluttering heart. He watched as the lights dimmed in the younger man’s eyes, knowing that death is but an end to one chapter, and the start of the next.

”Stay with me, Will.”

Second Day

Chapter Summary

> Will is steel made flesh, of gunpowder and unbreakable tensile strength. Like a blade that cuts through flesh just for a taste of red, bubbling blood. Will is sharp, and he will be made sharper still.
>
> ”Tear away the human suit you wear to reveal who you are.” Hannibal muttered into Will’s ear, despite his non-responsiveness, he knows Will will wake soon.

Chapter Notes

> The show is actually just torture porn featuring a very miserable, very tired Will. I’m just expanding on that idea ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

> Let there be light, to cut through the darkness, the vulgar, terrible darkness. Misunderstood and terrifying. Monsters lurk there. The light is a two-handed sword wielded by the self-righteous.
>
> Let there be light, and blood.

Hannibal had locked Will up in his basement. A concrete box with nothing but chains and dried blood. Simple and effective, to chain down an uncontrollable, untameable beast.

The first day was to declare Will to be dead; his body was found drifting along a river. Alana was devastated, nearly screaming at the sight. Beverly, Zeller and Price were extremely remorseful and distraught. Jack had maintained a careful composure, but the glimpse of the storm under his dark eyes were anything but.

Hannibal only showed enough emotion. Enough tears, frowning, looking away and simply looking lost. Lost without Will.

They chalked it up to an animal attack. Nothing else, a simple open-and-shut case. Such a simple death for such a complicated man.

The second day was the retrieval. Hannibal returned when no one else was looking to retrieve the corpse, knowing he have had a few hours before it began to twitch and thrive. Will’s

struggle was going to be beautiful. A butterfly from its chrysalis, its pain plumping up the magnificent wings to take it to higher heights. Above all mankind, the apex predator.

He carefully prop the corpse against the wall, chaining it down. Collared, wrists bound, and legs tied. There will barely be enough movement to stretch, let alone to tear at himself. Hannibal knows the pain of the Turning. Bones will break under supernatural strength of tightened sinews and muscles, nails will fall off into new, sharpened claws as he will attempt to tear away the pain that envelops him. Sensations that will eat and wear away his sanity. And through tempered flames will steel become stronger, sturdier.

Will is steel made flesh, of gunpowder and unbreakable tensile strength. Like a blade that cuts through flesh just for a taste of red, bubbling blood. Will is sharp, and he will be made sharper still.

”Tear away the human suit you wear to reveal who you are.” Hannibal muttered into Will’s ear, despite his non-responsiveness, he knows Will will wake soon.

His stomach twists in anticipation. Not long now.

Hannibal pulls a chair from his dining room, to seat himself in front of the corpse chained up in a macabre puppet show. Anytime now.

A soft snarl pierces through the fog of Hannibal’s thoughts. His eyes were closed in an effort to tear himself away from thinking too much, and the sound made his dead heart jump in delight.

The chains clinked together like soft wind chimes against the breeze. A pleasant reminder that Will has never died; only woke from a temporary death. He watched with rapt attention as the back muscles undulate like pale waves, shoulders rolling as though the body is testing for its motor functions. Will’s fingers curl, short nails pressing into the flesh of his palm, and he tugs. Gentle at first, until he found resistance.

Will’s head snapped up, irises a golden glow and scleras a dark black, his feral, unseeing gaze looking straight at Hannibal. The force of looking up was strong enough to break his spine, and he went limp. Not dead, just in a terrible amount of pain. Hannibal grins as he howls, an animalistic sound reverberating in the concrete.

It begins.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos appreciated as always! Also there will be sexy stuff in the next few chapters...

Third Day

Chapter Summary

> “What do you see, Will?” A curious tilt of his head, and Will mirrors it. Of course, his new Child would not be able to respond. The first few days will be non-vocal; higher thinking reduced to pathetic ‘lizard brain’ instincts to feed, fight and fuck.
>
> Will however, seemed to retain a semblance of recognition, of something human. The doctor sits across from him once more, crosses his legs and smiles. The other man snarls in return.
>
> Will does recognise Hannibal afterall. Whether as friend, foe or food, he could not tell.

Chapter Notes

> What’s better than feral!Will? Feral!Will who is violent against the love and hate of his life :^)
>
> This chapter is definitely inspired by @reapersun’s vampire Hannigram art <3

Let there be water and vegetation abundant. Let their seeds bear fruit and the water cycles through the earth like clockwork. Cycles of life and death. Expected. Predictable.

The darkness hungers. It cannot reach abundance, cannot nurse its pain on the nourishment of God. It cries and screams and damns its own existence

Fledglings are not allowed to feed until the third day.

The risk of choking and stuffing until their stomach bursts from uncontrolled bloodlust far outweighs the pain of this new gnawing hunger. Hannibal can see and feel it; Will is afterall his Child. It is less of a unique bond and more of a sensation that Hannibal’s keen sense could detect; the sharp whiff of panic, followed by the umami spice of hunger. Like a dizzying perfume it overwhelms Hannibal, and he could only vaguely wonder the pain Will is currently going through.

Hannibal had left to fetch a simple meal; a rude bystander who flicked a cigarette butt right at his feet. The doctor flicked his finger and his throat was torn apart in an instant. Barely deserving a second look.

Carrying the meal bridal style to prevent spillage he returned stealthily, back into the concrete cage where Will already had left blood, sweat, gore and tears on the floor. He was limp again; Hannibal was sure he had been breaking all his bones in an effort to break the reinforced chains.

”Will.” Hannibal calls out to the love of his life and undeath, a sweet purr. He watches as Will gathered himself up like a rag doll, unnatural jerking movements as his bones were pulled together solely by the strength of his muscles. Gold iris meet calm dark ones, and Will flashes his teeth, growling like a wolf with hackles raised.

New fangs, recently grown. From the poor shape of his torn lips and hanging flaps of skin around his cheek, his fangs were a very new progress. Will is doing very well for himself.

Hannibal shows his teeth in a smile, his own pair of fangs descending. He is so very proud of this stubborn man.

He realised that Will had barely taken notice of the meal Hannibal had placed beside himself; his entire focus was on Hannibal and Hannibal only. Another swell of pride warms his chest.

”What do you see, Will?” A curious tilt of his head, and Will mirrors it. Of course, his new Child would not be able to respond. The first few days will be non-vocal; higher thinking reduced to pathetic ‘lizard brain’ instincts to feed, fight and fuck.

Will however, seemed to retain a semblance of recognition, of something human. The doctor sits across from him once more, crosses his legs and smiles. The other man snarls in return.

Will *does* recognise Hannibal afterall. Whether as friend, foe or food, he could not tell.

“I will be feeding you through myself now. It would still be risky for you to eat by yourself.” Hannibal maintains his amused gaze at Will, lifting the dead victim into his arms and bite at the slit throat. Will finally takes notice and the chain rattled loudly as he tugs and tugs, teeth snapping hungrily.

He usually does not drink a dead person’s blood, but this one was fresh enough anyways to overlook the slightly stale and unappetising flavour. And it was easy to overlook when Will was all feral and burning hunger, showing teeth and almost roaring, muscles bulging under tearing skin in an effort to break free, to follow his instincts to bite into food and eat. He is so very hungry, and that urged Hannibal on to drink faster, softly moaning at the sensations radiating from Will.

Desperation is such a good look on his angry face.

The body was dropped unceremoniously from his lap, licking away remnants from his fangs and lips. Nothing will go to waste, not when his lovely starving Child requires sustenance from his own veins.

Hannibal steps forward, not close enough for Will to bite but just enough to for a much more intimate look at Will’s current state.

His skin was paper white, all the red under his skin gone. The colours left were gold, brown, and that darkness deep within. The only colours that Will should wear for now. At the end of it all, his eyes will return to that brilliant sapphire blue, and it will only be so much more brilliant after the Turning.

He observes all the while Will is scenting him, nose pointing at Hannibal's neck and mouth salivating. His drool has already made a pool amongst the other mess on the floor. He is far more calm now, knowing a meal is so close. Knowing Hannibal will treat him right.

Hannibal unbuttons the cuffs and rolls up his sleeves, watching Will's reactions carefully. He sees his body stilling, eyes focusing at the newly exposed skin. Food.

"When you drink, Will," He began, voice clinically and clear. "All your wounds will heal all at once. The healing will hurt far more than the breaking, but even this will pass." Will would barely listen anyways, and he would not understand a single word, but Hannibal gave out the instructions knowing that Will is smart enough to figure it out all on his own. The pain was inevitable, the suffering even more so.

Hannibal circled around the shaking fledgling, who tried to follow with his head and body but locked tight in his kneeling position. Hovering behind him he whispered into Will's ears, as his wrist was placed in front of him, ready for the taking.

"Drink."

With an eager snarl Will bites in deep, hard and an absolute divine pain shot right up his arm. Both of them moaned in delight; this was an intimate moment for both sire and Child to share.

Hannibal noses at Will's wild curls and neck, sighing and chuckling breathlessly. The soft snarls and moans from Will was heavenly; no other orchestral performance could even hope to match the lovely noises from him. His darling Child takes greedily, taking so much it spilled from his mouth and dropped onto the floor.

A messy eater, Hannibal notes, and a habit that should be tempered down with the passing days.

Will bit at his forearm again and again, littering it with more bites until it finally happened. He immediately tore away from his food source, letting out the most visceral, human cry for help Hannibal had ever heard from the man.

Will was full on sobbing, eyes once again unseeing as the pain wracked his body, his mind, his everything. Hannibal traces a finger down his back, and even the feather light touch was enough to make Will double over, screaming.

"I know, shh. It is hard, but you will feel better soon. You will feel like yourself soon," Hannibal murmured reassuring words, trying to soothe as his lips pressed against the sweaty back of his neck.

"You will come back to me."

Fourth Day

Chapter Summary

Still, as the dawn of the fourth day breaks and Hannibal returns to the concrete room, he was greeted with a loud snarl of ‘Hannibal’.

He paused, midway between approaching Will with his sleeve rolled up. His gaze finally shifts to his Child’s eyes, and realised it was blue.

Brilliant, clear ocean blue. And very angry.

Chapter Notes

I can maybe finish this entire series in a day... Fuck. I need to ration my creativity. But also this is such a fun project to write.

Stars were made to guide those lost in the darkness. Lesser lights to keep the darkness at bay.

How dare He. Their domain was fouled.

Night shall reclaim day.

The third day was spent watching Will break and reform everything he ever had, ever knew, and ever will be.

Hannibal spent the rest of that day resting and regaining his strength. He is ravenous after feeding sessions with Will, and Will is ever the hungry pup to nurse himself upon the breast milk of his mother.

Eventually, even wolf pups grow teeth and seek their own meals. His fledgling will have to be weaned off him and hunt his own food.

His reserves were about to be depleted, which is perfectly normal in such circumstances. Every three hours he satiate himself with a fresh catch, fangs buried in someone else’s neck. He could not be bothered to be careful with his own feeding now, feasting as savagely as how Will would be. His stomach twists again, a low burning arousal egged on by intimacy and need.

Every three hours he find himself unable to tear away from Will’s body, rubbing himself slowly as he thrusts his wrist against eager teeth, both of them chasing their own pleasures.

Hannibal knows Will could barely form coherent thoughts now. All he saw was red and blood and biting and drinking, and as long as he is offering there was no complaints. Not that he could.

Still, as the dawn of the fourth day breaks and Hannibal returns to the concrete room, he was greeted with a loud snarl of ‘Hannibal’.

He paused, midway between approaching Will with his sleeve rolled up. His gaze finally shifts to his Child’s eyes, and realised it was blue.

Brilliant, clear ocean blue. And very angry.

Hannibal did not expect this quick of a transformation. He would expect a new fledgling to still struggle with bloodlust and the physiological change. But he never expects clarity and such raw anger.

”Hannibal.” Will repeated, growling once more, not tugging at the chains, but poised to lunge. Hannibal sat himself down, observing further.

”Yes, Will?”

Will did not speak, another guttural noise rumbling from his throat. His teeth flashed, and Hannibal licked his own lips in response. He would love to feed Will once more, to feel those fangs pierce so easily, to feel Will so eagerly drawing blood to satiate himself. Taking whatever he wants, even if Hannibal was drained dry and dying.

Hannibal hummed in thought, stepping forward far more cautiously than how he treated Will for the past day. The other man shrunk ever so slightly into his bondage, which was the opposite reaction of what Will had been exhibiting.

He went from a feral, needy thing with teeth and claws that will tear him apart to something demure. No, Hannibal corrects himself as he sees a flash of something feral from within Will, and the blue eyes were no more.

It returned to the feral gold-black, and whatever lucidity Will had won was pushed down by pure instinctual hunger. Neck strained forward as his teeth snapped back at Hannibal, wanting and needing. Will whines for food now, learning fast that his sire approves of such sweet noises and will rewarded quickly. Hannibal however, ignored the whines and purses his lips. It was unusual, but Will may have been conscious the entire time.

What a cunning boy. Will may be far more unpredictable and chaotic than Hannibal had anticipated.

He kneels down so their eyes are level, but still out of reach. Will licked his lips and fangs, eyes dropping to the exposed neck and wrists, considering his options. Hannibal only smiled in response, hand reaching out to comb-

Will immediately sets his teeth into his wrist, and Hannibal winced slightly, taken aback at how quick he was to react. He of course, allow this rudeness. For now.

A tongue snakes out to lap at the dripping blood, teeth no longer lodged in flesh as Will downright purrs in satisfaction.

”More.” Another word from Will.

Hannibal shifts himself forward, until their faces were only inches apart. Will’s eyes darted furtively back onto the other vampire, and it was blue once more.

”I will give you more, if you are obedient.” Hannibal spoke, a soft whisper brushing against Will’s trembling lips wet with blood.

”More?” Will whispered back.

”Yes, more.” Their lips met, not unlike the first time they kissed. His blood on their lips, fangs cutting into flesh. Hannibal tastes Will; it was like tasting fine champagne. Fresh and bubbling with eagerness, and the hint of his very own essence within him.

Will presses into the kiss, using his fangs far more liberally than Hannibal. His tongue swiped around for any stray drops of blood, and his purrs grew into moans.

Hannibal pulls away first, and Will tries to follow before being choked by the collar around his neck. Another whimper, needier than ever before.

”More, Hannibal.” Will licked at his own lips instead, tasting what was left of Hannibal. A taste that lacked the warmth and passion of his sire.

”In time, sweet Will.”

Fifth Day

Chapter Summary

The fifth day is spent starving Will. He is of course obedient at first, but after the first three hours had passed he hears loud whimpers and the grinding of nails against concrete. Nails that quickly shred and torn into flesh, and Will's whimpers turned into sobs and pleas for blood, for 'more'. Still he ignores those cries, even though it did hit him with a pang of guilt. Not enough to take action. Not yet.

Chapter Notes

Surprise... Feels?
Also let! Hannibal! Taste! Food!

Living things are borne from light, life and love. Everything the darkness is an anti-thesis of.

And so it shall claim everything else that isn't.

Hannibal experiments with Will's intelligence. The fledgling definitely response to commands and complex sentences, but could not form much of his own. Other than 'more' and 'Hannibal', his vocabulary expanded to 'please', 'fuck me' and some incoherent babbling.

At least Will could beg to be fucked, Hannibal muses. That knowledge will be handy. For now though, he has one last thing to do. Will has to be broken into the monster-shaped mold, for one last time.

The fifth day is spent starving Will. He is of course obedient at first, but after the first three hours had passed he hears loud whimpers and the grinding of nails against concrete. Nails that quickly shred and torn into flesh, and Will's whimpers turned into sobs and pleas for blood, for 'more'. Still he ignores those cries, even though it did hit him with a pang of guilt. Not enough to take action. Not yet.

Hannibal went to retrieve Abigail from a hidden guest room. Seeing her bright and happy and healthy was good. She needs to be.

Afterall, she is to be Will's first live catch.

“When will I get to see Will?” She pipes up, tiptoeing as she leans forward at what Hannibal is cooking. A simple breakfast item for the two of them.

He does not find nourishment or fulfilment from eating human food, merely for the taste and enjoying the texture. There is still something genuinely joyful to be had from cooking and eating.

”Tonight, Abigail.” Hannibal grins, as she sets the plates for the two of them.

”I can’t wait. You said he just need some readjustment right, being a vampire and all?” Abigail’s eyes were bright and inquisitive, but Hannibal knows she is too smart for her own good.

”He will be well-fed and chained when he sees you. Nothing would make him happier.” Hannibal arranges the food properly, focused on making this meal as presentable as possible.

“Looking forward to it.”

“I as well.”

Hannibal reaches the concrete room before Abigail to check on Will. The man in question sagged against his chains, unresponsive.

Perfect.

Will would be in a comatose-like state until something or someone arouse him with food. Hannibal had not fed on anyone for the day so Will can only truly react to one person.

In fact, he barely stirred when Hannibal entered. Will’s body would have worn itself out, the transformation itself already requiring huge amount of blood. To struggle for almost 12 hours straight would put a terrible strain on him.

And when he wakes, he would return to his lovely feral state.

Time to fetch the main course.

Abigail stepped cautiously into the room, squinting into the dark. Of course it was not lit; vampires and their damned night visions.

”Um, it’s dark. Can I use my flashlight?” She asks tentatively, and jumps when she felt a cold hand on her shoulder.

“Don’t worry, I’m here. Step forward, carefully.” Hannibal guides her forward, one small step at a time. His eyes were staring straight ahead, at Will whose head had already snapped up and those golden irises landed on Hannibal, and on Abigail.

No recognition. Interesting.

“Here.” Hannibal stops her right in front of Will. She tenses, not know how close he was, until she felt the hot shaky breath of Will against her cheek. Sniffing, breathing in. A sigh, from herself or Will, or perhaps from the both of them.

”H-He can’t speak, right?”

“Unfortunately no. He is still grasping at words.” Hannibal’s fingers traced the leather collar around Will, who purred at the proximity.

“He’s like a cat?” Abigail chuckles, a nervous one.

”Mm.” Hannibal’s nail extends, sharp as a knife, and cuts Will’s collar loose.

It happened too quickly for Abigail to even notice that Will’s teeth has latched onto her neck and Hannibal was gripping her shoulders, tight enough until her muscles numbed in pain.

”I-“ Abigail tried to speak, only to have her windpipe crushed by Will’s jaws and she sputtered, blood spraying onto Will’s curls and back. “H-“

Hannibal reaches over to comb his fingers through Will’s hair, now slick with arterial spray and choked blood. “Take all of it.”

Will only snarled in response, teeth seeking more blood. Wet sucking noises echoed quietly in the room, accompanied by Abigail’s quiet deathrattle and Will’s satisfied moans.

”Do you feel it now, Will? A life taken, only to be consumed. Her life made purpose, shaped unto you.” Will pulls away, watching Abigail fall onto the ground, still close enough to eat. He bends over, fangs sinking once more on the other side of her neck, now desperately seeking more despite the sluggish flow, her veins emptying everything she had into Will’s mouth.

”You will live your life for her now, Will. This is my gift for you.”

Will jerks back, staring at the body. His gaze, tear-stained and devastated, meets Hannibal’s calm, almost joyful ones.

”**What did you do to me**.”

Sixth Day

Chapter Summary

> “Tell me then, Will Graham,” He fishes out a set of keys and set out to release the chains that had bound him for six days. “What will you do next?”
>
> The chains fall away with a sonorous clank, and he massages his wrists and legs. He was terribly sore, and it took him a while to get his bearings. He stares up angrily at Hannibal, who only returned a polite smile.
>
> ”Nothing.”

Chapter Notes

> Okay sex time to make up for killing Abigail lmao
> Also I really have to apologise for tense switching again, it’s hard to keep up....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

God made Mankind. One that could enjoy the bountiful harvest light has to offer, and also has the potential for darkness.

Oh, how that potential blossoms.

“What did you do to me?” Will snarled, showing fangs again.

He has finally returned to Hannibal. Of course, he would not be happy. Nothing is ever that easy with Will Graham.

“I merely created you in the image that you meant to become.” Hannibal spoke matter-of-factly, picking Abigail up.

”Don’t fucking touch her!” Will lunges forwards, feels his arms break at the sheer force of his movement and falls flat onto the ground. His bones quickly shifts, cracking loudly in an effort to rearrange themselves back to normal.

Will had not registered the pain, filled with boundless rage. Desperation, but of a different kind. Hannibal took a glance at Will, regarding him coolly and left.

”Fuck you!” He spat as the doctor left with Abigail in tow.

Hannibail will allow him sometime to let this rage pass, before returning with another meal.

Will watched as Hannibal leaves him in the darkness, alone once again. He squeezes his eyes shut, seeing Abigail's body surfacing in his thoughts again and again and yet.

Yet he felt nothing.

No fear, betrayal, or regrets. It just is, and it made him angry. Anger is an easy feeling to latch on and lash out with. It is not him that is in control. That emotion is, just so Will could feel something human, and not- not-

Will snarls, the sound becoming eerily familiar to him. A primal sound, of base instinct and anger. Once again, an easy sound to focus and elicit.

Everything Will does since the first day had felt natural. He was not in control nor was he aware most of the time, but when he was, he found himself *enjoying* it. Enjoys taking from Hannibal and hurting him physically. Enjoys the taste of blood on his tongue, the hot wet and sweet taste that calls to him, even now, even when he has slaked his thirst on his very own surrogate daughter.

Yet he felt nothing for Abigail's death. Should he? He should.

He squeezes his eyes once again to feel Abigail's life slipping away as he drank from her, hearing her heartbeat sharp and quick at first, before fading like hoof beats in a distance.

Will licked his lips. He actually... Actually enjoyed it.

Hannibal returns to the room, all to familiar at the routine he had set up. He carries an unconscious man with him, eyeing at Will's general lack of response towards him or the body.

"Well?" Hannibal placed the man at Will's feet. The other vampire should know by now. Everything he had felt and done, all those were only instincts. There are no moral quandaries involving eating and sustenance, just like how lions do not care about how many gazelles they have caught between their teeth.

Hannibal sees fingers curling, watching them grow into claws as it pierced his skin. "Eat."

"No."

He tilts his head, and in an instant his hand wrapped around Will's throat, forcing his head up. Hannibal's expression was hard to read. It was as though he was simply looking at a specimen under a microscope.

“You were conscious the entire time. You know what I had done to you.” He feels Will swallowing around his tight fingers. A confirmation.

And then a realisation that made Hannibal grin, fangs extending as the monster within rears its head.

”You enjoyed every moment of it.”

Will let out a pathetic sound. Another affirmation, and Hannibal drops him back onto the ground. There was no gasping for air; they do not need to breathe anymore.

Still Hannibal sighs, smoothing his hand over Will’s hair and neck. “You really are remarkable. Despite everything, you exceeded my expectations.

Tell me then, Will Graham,” He fishes out a set of keys and set out to release the chains that had bound him for six days. “What will you do next?”

The chains fall away with a sonorous clank, and he massages his wrists and legs. He was terribly sore, and it took him a while to get his bearings. He stares up angrily at Hannibal, who only returned a polite smile.

”Nothing.”

This boy needs a little push then. Hannibal kneels beside the body, tilting his head and tugging down the collar. Exposed, vulnerable skin. Ripe for the taking.

Will’s mouth dropped open, fangs extending in response. And then a snarl as he fought against instinct.

”You have always been fighting your entire life, Will, only to find yourself suffering in vain.” Hannibal noses at the man’s neck, never breaking eye contact. Will held that gaze steady.

”Giving in is not the same as giving up. It simply means you have accepted your becoming, and yourself.” His tongue laves over the thin skin that separates blood from teeth, life from death.

”This is not who I am.” Will gritted his teeth, shaking. His mind is screaming at him to simply take what he needs, for this world moves with or without this man. He is doomed: either death takes him or the both of them do. His throat burns, craving for blood to soothe it. He wipes away a wayward trail of saliva, disgusted at himself.

”No, of course not. Why else would you struggle?” Hannibal sank his teeth into the man’s neck, drinking deep and waste nothing.

The force that immediately slams into him was surprising. Will was on top of Hannibal, panting hard, trying to breathe in the wonderful scent of blood and his sire.

”Give it to me.” A low warning growl, his determined, hungry eyes shining an unnaturally brilliant blue.

”The meal is behind you-“

”No, you want me to come to terms with myself.” Will tugs at his lapels, pulls him up until they were inches away from each other.

”I want you. I want everything you can give me. And I want to see you torn apart.”

"And pray tell, how would you do it?”

Will leaned forward to take Hannibal’s blood-covered lips against his own, licking every nook and cranny to seek blood. He let out soft moans every time he could taste it, fangs poking at flesh to seek more.

”More. You promised me more.” Will whined, his demeanour changed so wonderfully fast Hannibal was still rather taken aback.

”I can only offer you so much, if you chose not to take what is given.” Hannibal reaches out to grab the dying man by the arm, pulling him between them. Hunger lit up from behind Will’s eyes, and despite not presenting as that feral creature that was caged and uncontrollable, that creature snarls and bared fangs. Eager to have a taste.

”Drink, Will. Drink to your heart’s content.” Hannibal kissed Will’s neck, the familiar place where he had once bit him, just as Will dug his teeth at the already opened wound.

Purring satisfaction radiates from Will and Hannibal sighs, content at how certain hungers can be sated so easily. He considers joining Will in his bloodlust, but there is always another time, another livestock.

As Will has his fill Hannibal takes time to truly watch how he had settled into his new skin. Will definitely look the same, except those fangs and those hypnotic blues of his eyes. The red hue under his skin had already return with each feed, and it is flushed with hunger. With arousal.

Bloodlust and lust are but two sides of the same coin. The same carnal need to fill, to be filled, to be satiated by another’s offering. To take what is given freely.

With a gasp Will drops the corpse, now drained dry. He slumped against Hannibal, catching unnecessary breath as he continues to purr. His hand begun to roam, trying to take off Hannibal’s dress shirt and belt. “Fuck, I need- Need-“

He could barely form sentences, reduced to the animal that wanted to feed and fuck whenever he wants. His lips latches onto bare skin as Hannibal’s dress shirt gets haphazardly torn apart, nosing against the fuzzy hair on his chest. Warmth with another’s blood. His hands trailed further, against his abdomen, feeling Hannibal’s stomach tighten ever slightly under curious fingers. And further still, slipping beyond the belt line and down, to find that he did not wear anything else other than that thin fabric of his dress pants.

Hannibal nips at Will’s neck, his own hand slipping under as well to join his fledging’s, wrapping their hands around himself. They sigh, the intimacy beyond anything they had felt

for the past six days.

”Is this what you want, Will?” Hannibal’s words were soft as it caresses past Will’s cheeks, who responded with closed eyes and an exhaled, reverent breath.

”More.”

”I shall give you more.” He takes off the confining pants, allowing Will to move his hands far more freely and boldly. The other vampire responded with a soft laugh, and starts stroking Hannibal.

“I wanna fuck you.” Will states without much thought, his body leaning against Hannibal’s so that their thighs were slotted against each other’s, cocks touching. He rutted forward, gasping into the curve of Hannibal’s neck. The doctor wrapped his hands around both of their cocks instead, and Will took the cue to push harder, taking the pleasure he needs.

”Ha... This is good.” Will murmured, as Hannibal closed his eyes to enjoy the man’s body rocking against his. The friction was not enough, but it was good. With Will, anything feels good.

”I have lube.” Hannibal finally responded after a little while, dazed from the slow build of pleasure as he rocked back up as Will shifts, both of them sighing.

”Of course you do. You already thought this through haven’t you?” The chiding was without heat; Will could barely afford to stay mad at Hannibal. How could he, when Hannibal offered blood and life and Will himself, an eternity to discover and indulge, to live and thrive?

”I could say the same to you.” Hannibal reaches into the discarded pants, pulling out a bottle of lube, squirting a generous amount to coat them both. The slide makes it all the more enticing to rut harder, and Will let out a groans as both of them grind much faster.

”Mm, no, I wanna-“ Will pushes Hannibal flat against the ground, slapping away the fist that held them together. The loss of that tight heat made them both let out a noise of dissent.

Will slicked up his fingers with his already lubed up cock, grinning, fangs poking at the edges of his smile. Hannibal could only stare and wait, preserving the memory of this moment where man and beast entwined into one perfect creature.

Will already began to press a finger in, and Hannibal leans back, relaxes, and allows him to do as he wishes. Afterall Hannibal has taken, it is only right for Will to finally indulge.

”It’s so tight. Warm.” His words shake a little, cock twitching in anticipation. He wants to sink in right now, but-

“Will. Take whatever you need.”

That feral creature returns with a vengeance, and Will found himself pressing in eagerly, fucking in shallow, inch by inch, until fully seated within him. Hannibal clenched his fists, sighing at the absolutely fullness and the lack of restraint that Will was showing.

Perfect. Will is so perfect now, chest heaving, eye staring down at where they are conjoined, enjoying the tight heat that envelopes him. He looks so blissful.

”Fuck, Hannibal, you’re so fucking tight-“ And Hannibal clenches in a tease, making Will double over and hissing. “S-Stop-“

”Then move.”

Will does so, all inhibitions and doubt flung out of his mind as he fucks wantonly into Hannibal, who curled his legs around Will’s back and dug his heels, wanting *more*.

Hannibal lets out a drawn moan when Will presses in just right, and it drives Will to fuck him harder. He hears himself moaning Hannibal’s name, again and again, each pitched just slightly higher as the tight heat draws his orgasm quickly. Unbidden, it comes all of a sudden, forcing Will to still his hip with one final desperate thrust, head hanging low.

Hannibal tenses, feeling that one last push sparking even more pleasure, but not enough to push him over the edge. Will’s fucked out, post-coital look however, did the trick, and his cock pulses, spurting come all over his stomach and chest.

”Oh my god.” Will uttered, cock softening and slipping out. He watched, fascinated at the amount of come and slick that oozes from Hannibal’s hole, making him groan. “Fuck, you look so debauched.”

”And you enjoy that.” Hannibal props himself against an elbow, his features softened by pleasure.

”I plan to enjoy every aspect of you.”

Despite blood and come they fell into each other’s embrace, silent for a moment.

“Will.”

His head was buried in the crook of Hannibal’s neck, the only respond being the slight tilt.

”You had known all these while, haven’t you? That I am the Ripper, and a vampire.”

Will was silent. He slowly nods.

”When you arrived at my office in the middle of the night, tired, and bared your neck. I thought you had simply been a tease.”

Will hummed, placing his lips against the warm skin.

“I was curious what would happen.”

Hannibal lets out a genuine laugh. “And are you satisfied?”

”It killed the cat. And brought it back.”

Chapter End Notes

This got out of hand...

The End

Chapter Notes

> This serves as an epilogue than anything else. Perhaps some one-shots in a similar AU, or more vampire turning fics? Hmmnmm

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As God rests His weary head to admire the beauty of what He wrought, He is finally aware of the encroaching darkness.

And God saw that it was good.

Will sips a cup of coffee by the countertop of Hannibal's kitchen, casually looking through news and gossips alike on his iPad. He was finally dressed, unsurprised that Hannibal had a set of fitted dress shirt and slacks on hand. Being naked in an unheated excuse of a jail cell to suffer was an experience he hoped to never go through again. Not alone, anyways. As long as Hannibal was there to soothe and coo, it would be tolerable.

TattleCrime was quiet, save for the occasional weird murder. Will was not her subject of scrutiny anymore; he was dead to the whole world. A ghost that once haunted the halls of the BAU now resting in peace.

Well, if hunting alongside Hannibal can be considered peace.

Tonight they will be out to choose a meal. The doctor offered to hunt in his stead; Will refused. Wanted to be the one to honour the hunt from start to end, to know that a life taken was not wasted. No, Will would honour each and every kill. He needs to feel that delicate, precarious balance of life and death tilt towards them, so he may yet live.

He glances out of the window, the sun finally setting. The sheer blinding light had made his head throb in pain. Nighttime offers far more solace for predators.

Hannibal will return soon, from his day job. And they could begin their new life.

Will smiles. This is all he ever wanted.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading! I enjoyed writing this and I will continue to write more vampire Hannigram fics (͡° ͜ʖ ͡°)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!